fortress at one corner for defense against bandits. The residents are not entirely Han-Chinese. Some Sinicized Lolo, former subjects of Yang T'u-szu, also live in the area. The people in the suburbs have no protection whatsoever. The Lolo bandits usually come at night to rob, kill, and take captives. People at Nan-t'ien Pa in the southeastern outskirts have suffered most. During the author's stay at Lei-po every midnight continuous shooting was heard outside the city walls which signaled the approach of Lolo bandits. The Lolo strategy is usually to organize a band of a dozen or more persons, who first hide outside the house; then they fight their way inside, killing one or two persons; afterwards, they capture all the male and female members of the family. They gag the mouths of the captives with grass, wood, or mud to prevent them from shouting. After plundering, the Lolo bandits descend the slope at Nan-t'ien Pa and flee northwestward along the Chin-sha Chiang bank.

The mountain tops surrounding Lei-po are either wild areas or Lolo territory. At Chia-chia Shih, 5 li north of Lei-po, is stationed a company of government soldiers. Further up to Chin-p'ing Shan, which is 3,000 meters above sea level, there are wild grasses and old forests with scarcely any trace of human habitation. Ma-liu Wan, a mountain valley 15 li northeast of the city, is on the main northern route to Hsi-ning on the P'ing-shan border. This area is occupied by the Li-ch'ü branch of the Lolo tribe and is not open to the Han-Chinese. During the author's inspection trip to Ma-liu Wan, the team was led by a headman-protector of the Li-ch'ü branch. As we left the eastern gate to climb up the mountain, we saw midway to the peak three rifle-carrying Lolo guarding the pass in front of the Shan-wang Miao. Had it not been for our headman-protector, who talked to them, we would not have been able to press one step forward. Shan-wang Miao is located at the top of the mountain. Behind the temple there is a mud wall with a wooden gate. Leaving the pass and going down the valley one reaches Ma-liu Wan. Three years ago Chinese troops were stationed in the temple for defense against the Lolo outside the pass, but now it has become a key frontier pass for the Lolo tribes.

Fifteen li outside Lei-po city to the west is Wu-chio, a plain between two mountain valleys, easily discerned from Lei-po. This [10] place was originally inhabited heterogeneously by Han-Chinese and Lolo, although most of the Lolo there had been Sinicized. Three years ago a column of

honored as A-lo Wu-hêh. This person must be capable, intelligent, virtuous, and also advanced in age. Only after his death can another person of old age and great virtue be selected to succeed him in this honorary title. To be sure, it is a term of respect, but it also implies actual power, although the connotation is more moral than political.

The A-lo Wu-hêh of the Li-ch'ü branch is the tallest and biggest person in the Lolo community that the author met on this trip. He measures 184 centimeters in height as against the average height of 165 centimeters for the peoples of the world. This shows how tall and imposing Wu-hêh is. As for his ideas and virtues, they can be proved by events the author has personally witnessed. To mention only one instance. The inspection team originally employed Ta-chi as the chief headman-protector to lead the expedition to the mountains, and Ta-chi in turn asked his nephew Lao-mu to be the second headman-protector. On the way Ta-chi also took in A-cho Chê-chio as a third headman-protector. Chê-chio is an alcoholic. After drinking, he would talk wildly and incoherently, and also act fiercely. Several times during the trip he cheated the inspection team and plotted to rob us of our money and belongings. After the inspection team had finished its work in San-ho-i-ta, Pa-p'u, and other places, Ta-chi intended to ask Chê-chio and Lao-mu to guide us out of the mountains as he himself had no desire to return to Lei-po city. Overhearing this news, we were deeply upset as Chê-chio had caused us enough trouble since entering the mountains and he was stopped only by Ta-chi's personal intervention on the spot. We would be in danger of being sold as slaves if Chê-chio should be responsible for the journey out of the mountains. Fortunately, before we were ready to leave, Ta-chi asked A-lo Wu-hêh for advice. Wu-hêh frankly reproved Ta-chi, saying that since Ta-chi had escorted the Chinese officials into the mountains, he should act cautiously to lead them safely outside. He also said that Chê-chio was too crazy a fellow to be trusted and if he should change his mind on the way, then misfortune would befall the Chinese officials and the reputation of the Li-ch'ü branch would be ruined. Hearing these words, Ta-chi became enlightened and decided again personally [26] to escort the inspection team out of the mountains. That same night, at Wu-hêh's suggestion, a public announcement was made that our entire team would depart the next day for Nü-hung and Wu-ch'i-ta-ch'i, and after passing Sheng-chi and crossing Huang-mao Kang, would leave the Lolo territory at La-mi. Actually this was a ruse to avoid the attention of Chê-chio and the others who had

577 entertained evil thoughts. For fear that they might waylay us
115 on the Sheng-chi and La-mi road, we hurriedly took a differ-
123 ent route by climbing over Huang-mao Kang from T'e-hsi to
Ta-ku Tui and Hsiao-ku Tui. At last, the inspection team returned safely to Lei-po. Remembering the lofty virtue and prudent thoughtfulness of A-lo Wu-hêh, the author cannot but pay tribute to this Lolo leader.

5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

them than we imagined. Chief Too also did not live very long after the raid, and the villages which we visited suffered no more from his ambitious projects.

The magic-lantern, the telescope, the camera and the tall Munchausen stories my companions told evidently convinced the people that the bear-like Nosu from the land of the sunset was a man having control of great powers, which would be very advantageous to those who were fortunate enough to gain his assistance. It is an amusing situation to be placed in, when those around you fancy you are somebody you are not. They wish very much that you should play up to the rôle they have in their imagination assigned to you. How many times in China has one been placed in such a situation! And how often has a missionary come a bad cropper when he has tried, out of the kindness of his heart, to be what his friends wanted him to be. I was only too willing and ready to render all the help I could to the hospitable hill-people, but the greatest of helps I wished to render them was not just what they were at that time wanting. There was an idea among a number of these people that if they could only get in a friendly outsider who was not mixed up in any of their land quarrels, and who wished them all well, possibly this disinterested friend might pull them all together and settle their constant tribal fightings which some were wise enough to see were weakening them all. By-and-by their plans unfolded themselves more clearly, and a scheme was devised which some of the wise ones thought would exactly achieve their purposes.

The first thing done was to adopt me into one of the clans and give me a Nosu name. This I readily agreed to, and was glad to be an adopted son of the great Nhe clan, rejoicing in

5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

597 the name of Nhe-jah-jah. This multiplicity of names is
•123 one novel feature in a missionary's life in West China. To my home friends I am known by the name my parents gave me long ago. For more than half of my life I have lived among people who would never know me by that name but who recognise me at once by a name that neither my father nor mother knew anything about. Later on a change of work led me to another people, and they promptly gave me a name of their own coining, which again would not be known among the Chinese, and now here among the Nosu I had still a fourth appellation. It is most interesting, but rather bewildering. As Nhe-jah-jah, I was thenceforth known among those independent Nosu, and I counted it an honour to be reckoned as one of themselves even though I became kinsman of the old sinner who got so drunk when his guests came. He was not the only relative by adoption; there were others who were more interesting and not quite so old, and also not quite so fond of spirits.

574 The cold weather outside and the presence of the guests within made the fireplace a welcome rendezvous for many. There was an inner circle of about a dozen of us around the fire, and a second still more numerous circle standing at our backs, deeply interested in all that was going on. We were joined soon by the widowed eldest daughter of Ah-pooh,
301 who had come across to see the guests. She was the mother
554 of three sons, and was gorgeously dressed. There is no doubt about these Nosu ladies knowing how to dress. From each ear she had more than a dozen silver chains hanging down, and, to my great surprise, a silver brooch fastened the front of her long jacket. All the women wear these brooches. Those of the servants are of brass and those of the mistresses

628 through all the clans and is very rigorously carried out. The widow told us that although her brother had been dead for years, if any member of her clan met the man who killed him he would at once attack him and attempt to wipe out the stain of the blood that had been spilt by spilling more. A few years afterwards there was a combined terrible attack on the Sha-ma clan, when horrible revenge was taken. That story, however, comes later on.

522 While I was sitting by the fire writing up my diary Mr Long was talking away at a rapid rate, telling them all the wonders of the Nosuland beyond the sea. The widow was a good listener. I told Mr Long I was like a deaf man, watching their mouths going but unable to understand anything they were saying. Every now and again there was a very hearty laugh all round, and I joined in, though I had not the least idea where lay the point of the joke. If I could not join in the conversation I could closely watch the faces and dress of those around us. I found out that single girls have only one plait of hair, while married ones have two. There was a great laugh when this information was given me. I can imagine how shocked Chinese women would be if conversation had gone on in their presence on such matters. These Nosu women entered into all the jokes as English women would have, and it was a treat to see how jolly they were.

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123 I asked my guide to explain to the people that no one had ever before had such a chance of being in their homes as I, and that such a chance had only come once in my lifetime, and so I wanted to make the most of it. I told them that many Westerners would want to know all about the brave hill Nosu, and that if I could not give them the required information they would laugh at me. There was, however, no need for

5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

apologies, for they were very willing indeed to tell me every- 123
thing I wanted to know.

The retainers who had come with us were lodged in another 562
house, belonging to one of the slaves of Ah-pooh. I went down and sat with the folk there for a while. The wife in the little home was very friendly, asking me a lot of questions. Her daughter sat by her side nursing a six-month-old baby. They were all very free with us. The Chinaman who came spying was in the house also, and did not get on very well with the wife of the slave. She had asked him to give her a couple of feet of hair cord from the stock which he carried with him and he had refused. Later on he went to help himself to a drink of water from the tub which the woman had carried in. She immediately stopped him, telling him that he was strong enough to go and carry his own water. Evidently it was no hair cord, no free drinks. The man could hardly believe that the woman meant what she said, and tried again. The woman, however, stood up vigorously to him, and whenever he tried to get the drink of water she pushed him away. It was a revelation to the Chinese, coming as he did from a land where woman has ever been given a low place, and where the proverb compares the wife to a tub of water in which the husband can wash his feet and when he has finished throw it away.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we had breakfast. This 264
time it was not a goat but a fine pig that had been slaughtered, 262
with much squealing and yelling, about twelve o'clock. There were the usual trenchers on the floor, also two spoons and three wooden basins. One basin contained ten pounds of pork, another the gravy, and the third four buckwheat cakes weighing about half-a-pound each. We did full justice